

Whispering Hands

The man has a firm overused grip
dressed with rings from graduations
and tan lines of forgotten vows

The boy has slippery palms
soaked with salty fear
squirming in his pockets

The lady has a manicured display
lotioned by fraudulent money
forming thick superficial winds as she fans herself

They all have their secrets
 their sins
But they are nothing like hers

She rocks in the stiff seat
with her rows of scarred knuckles and chewed nails
criss cross and concealed inside her elbows
hoping no one will see
his blood
all over her hands